

Number 23.

ancient sisters was decided. 'Where's Monsieur Girod?' at length said a rough voice. 'Oh, he's gone home above,' was the reply, 'thinks himself too good to kill any body but *quality*.' 'No, no,' answered the other, 'I'm Girod's friend through the back bone—the funniest fellow of the whole crew. But he had a private quarrel against that captain down at the bottom of the sea there, so he asked our commander not to let any body lay hands on him but himself. A very natural thing to ask. There—close that lower, leave out the long table, there'll be old revel here to-night.' At this moment Girod again descended. 'All hands aloft, my lads,' he cried, 'make no attention to the carpet here—matters not, for I must first descend and give out de firing for party.' We have no more cursed voyagers, so make revel there to night with light no incommode.' He soon descended with a light into our wooden dungeon.

Her own unexpected rescue, the fate of her domestics, and the sudden obscurity in which we were involved, had almost overpowered Margaret's senses, but they returned with the light. 'Poor Katie, poor Mary. Alas! for their aged mother!' she said in a low and subdued tone of one who seems half dreaming a melancholy and fright-

(Continued on the 4th page)

THE CHARM OF WOMAN.—There are many defects in the character, but beauty and gentle manners in the great estimate of energy, and even their want of heart.

It is as a wife that these defects appear and grow upon the disappointed husband, like the frightful figures exhibited by a magic lantern, increasing in hideousness as they increase in magnitude and distinctness. It is when the doting lover begins to suspect that the silent calm he had hitherto mistaken for maiden shyness, is in reality the silence of the soul—the calm of imperturbable stagnation; when he discovers that he has devoted his first and best affections to a beautiful but marble statue; when he returns to his home, which ought to be "an ever sunny place," and finds nothing but the yawning vacancy of a cold and cheerless void; when he pours his fresh warm feelings, that burst in unstudied language from his burning lips, upon the stony surface of an insensible heart—and that heart a woman's!—it is then that he shrinks back repelled and blasted, as if the blooming charms he once adored, were exchanged for deformity and horror.

Oh! it is by the secret fountain of never-changing love—the well of inexhaustible refreshment in the desert—the rose that blooms forever beneath the sunshine of one beloved eye—the voice that rises in a continued strain of melody above all the discord of the world—the bird of beauty, whose faithful wing is never folded save in its own sheltered nest—the pure unsullied stream, offering sweetness and balm in every bosom it meets, but reserving the full of its gladness for one—it is by such mystical symbols as these that we would describe the natural, the distinctive, the holy charm of woman—not by her perfect form, her ruddy lips, her sparkling eyes, or her silken tresses, whether they fall in raven masses over a marble brow, or glitter in the sunbeams like threads of waving gold.

ANOTHER FEMALE SAILOR.—The following romance of low life is given by the *Journal du Havre*:—"Josephine Fleury, a native of Breteville, has been recently committed to prison at Cherbourg for having robbed her master and mistress at Montaigne-le-Bois. At sixteen she assumed male attire, and hired herself as a servant at Cerences' but in the summer left this employment, and embarked at Granville as a sailor in a vessel engaged in the Newfoundland cod fishery. For sixteen years she led the same life, being alternately a servant in winter and a sailor in summer. She at length became tired of this mode of living, and lived four years as a servant at Brehat. From thence she engaged herself as a wood cutter in the forest of Gavray. In a quarrel in a public house she wounded a man severely, and being brought in consequence before the Correctional Tribunal was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. During her confinement her sex was discovered. On her discharge, a year and a half ago she hired herself to do a day's work at Mont-le-Bois, where she has fallen into her present scrape. Josephine's complexion is completely bronzed by exposure to all weathers and she has small whiskers."

When Feneion was almoner to XIV his majesty was astonished one Sunday, to find, instead of the usual crowded congregation, only himself and his attendants, the priest, and the other officers of the chapel. "What is the meaning of this?" said the king. The prelate answered, "I caused it to be given out that your majesty did not attend chapel to-day, in order that you might see who came here to worship God, and who to flatter the king."

The Burning of the Caroline.—We are glad to see that this infamous outrage upon American rights is not forgotten nor forgiven by the people of Buffalo:

"A large meeting was held at Buffalo, on the 29th of last month, the anniversary of the destruction of the steamboat Caroline, at which memorials relating to the subject, were prepared for the purpose of being sent to Congress. The memorialists represent, that they deem the burning of the steamboat Caroline and the murder of unarmed American citizens at Schlosser, on the night of the 29th December, 1837 by British soldiers, and the immediate approval of that act by the British Government, an outrage upon our national rights which admits of but one alternative for the American Government, either to yield her sovereignty and her national honor, or to demand of Great Britain that she disclaim the outrage, and delivers over its perpetrators to our tribunals for trial and punishment. Any satisfaction less than this, the petitioners say would be inadequate and compromise our national honor."

MR. CALHOUN AND THE PRESIDENT.

The globe of Saturday justly remarks:—"Mr. Calhoun's reconciliation to the course of the Administration, has not run counter to his own principles, nor to the opinions of his own State, nor those of the great section to which he belongs. The contest which the corporations and speculating classes, and a combination of factions, under Federal leaders, have waged against the Government, has brought with it the issue which Hamilton made under the first Administration, and which the battle of 1798 and 1799, and the victory of 1800, only stayed, but did not determine. Upon that issue not only the Democracy of South Carolina, and the whole South, but the Democracy of the whole Union, is with the President. Under such conditions of things, what would have been said of a man who had taken a prominent stand in the ranks of the State Rights party, if he had permitted personal misunderstanding, personal animosity, or personal feeling of any kind,

to have separated him from the cause, the fate of which he knows to be involved with that of the Chief Magistrate from whom he had been estranged? In yielding support to the President, even under such circumstances if a high office had been asked as an understood preliminary, there might have been surmise of selfishness as the prompting motive.

But in the case of Mr. Calhoun, he asks nothing and gives all. He takes the opprobrium, which he must have known the vindictive and unsparing feeling of such a man as Mr. Clay would throw upon him, and if he is to derive any benefit from the misconception to which he now subjects himself, it must come in the train of the blessings which the success of a good cause bestows, in the end to all who support it.

From the Bangor Democrat.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION.

We copy the following Circular from the New Hampshire Patriot of the 16th ultimo.

CIRCULAR.

To the several Council District Democratic Conventions in the State of New Hampshire preparatory to the elections for the year 1840.

No action having been had at the last Democratic Republican National Convention, in relation to the nomination of candidates to be supported for President and Vice President of the United States at the election which takes place during the latter part of the year 1840, there seems to be a necessity that some one State should designate a time and place for holding a Convention for that purpose, and suggestions having been made from other States, that inasmuch as the State of New Hampshire designated the first Democratic Convention at Baitmore eight years ago, it may be proper that the same State should again designate the time and place.

The Democratic central committee appointed at the last state convention of New Hampshire, after consultation and reflection take the liberty of recommending that the next National Convention for nominating President and Vice President be held at the city of Baltimore, in the State of Maryland on Tuesday the fifth day of May next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

And they further recommend that each of the Council Districts in the State of New Hampshire at the next Democratic Convention in their respective districts should designate for said Districts two persons who shall be authorized by a certificate from some other officer or officers of such to act in the National Convention aforesaid with a power of substitution in case of non-attendance.

The necessity of concert of action throughout the Nation will be our apology for asking of the several conventions in New Hampshire that they may make the foregoing appointments, and pass resolutions calculated to carry into effect the great object intended to be promoted by this circular.

We are very respectfully,

The conventions' obedient servants.

ISAAC HILL,
ROBERT DAVIS,
ASA FOWLER,
JOHN T. GIBB,
TITUS BROWN,
BELA NETTLETON,
RICHARD JENNESS,
BENJAMIN COOKE,
JOHN R. REDING,
JOHN S. WHEELS,

Central Committee of the State.

Dec. 13, 1839.

Several weeks have elapsed since the circular was published, but as a general thing the Democratic press throughout the Union has been silent upon the subject. The proposition is worthy of serious consideration, and it is quite time to be moving if it is favorably entertained and action upon it is desirable. Let the Democracy of Maine respond to the call, favorably or otherwise as they shall determine, and let the press give publicly to the views of the party. Shall we have a convention at Baltimore on the fifth of May for the purpose specified by our brethren in New Hampshire?

There are reasons why some may deem it expedient—the expense which will attend it, is perhaps entitled to the greatest consideration. Another objection may be urged, that a Congressional caucus would answer all the purposes of a National Convention—taking it for granted that Martin Van Buren will be supported a second time, and assuming that the only thing to be done is to nominate a candidate for the Vice Presidency. And further, it may be alleged that the Democracy have no particular preference for one man more than for another. These are considerations of moment and should be duly considered.

On the other hand much may be said. It is a good thing for the people to assemble together for mutual consultation, and when they meet from all quarters of the Union the interchange of feelings and sentiments is peculiarly happy in its effects. Differences and misunderstandings, if any exist, can be explained and harmonized measures for the mutual advantage of all adopted, and such candidates put in nomination as will receive the undivided support of the party. Besides, there is a right way to do every thing. It is one of the rights of the people to designate their own officers, and members of Congress are not yet chosen for this purpose, although there might not be very dangerous or absolutely wrong in principle for them at this time to nominate a candidate for the Vice Presidency. Yet it is better the nomination of all elective officers should come directly from the source of all power, the people. It seems to be generally conceded that Mr. Van Buren will be the only democratic candid-

late for the Presidency, but no injury can possibly happen for a National Convention also to pass on this subject. Besides, such a meeting would concentrate the energies, re-invigorate the strength and give renewed life and efficiency to the party. It is idle to suppose the Presidential election will not be severely contested by the Whig party and Privilege advocates, and the reorganization of the Democratic party will better enable us to meet and conquer our ancient enemy. These and other reasons which will readily suggest themselves to the mind, may be urged in favor of the proposed Convention. We have imperfectly presented both sides of the question, for the purpose of eliciting the views of others. Who says yes and who no?

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, JANUARY 21, 1840.

LEGISLATIVE DOCUMENTS.—We are under obligations to Hon. H. Hamlin, Hon. D. Hammons, Hon. A. Bolster, Col. C. Andrews, J. J. Perry, Esq., and L. Hathaway, Esq., for various Legislative Documents. We are also indebted to Hon. V. D. Parris, Hon. A. Smith, Hon. T. Dayce, and Hon. R. Williams for various Congressional Documents.

We are requested to give notice that Rev. Geo. K. Shaw will preach at the School House in this village, on Sunday, the 26th inst. Also, that Rev. Oliver H. Quinay will preach at the Meeting House in the evening of the same day, commencing at 6 o'clock.

Correspondence of the Democrat.

Augusta, Jan. 13, 1840.

Friend Millett.—Little indeed has yet been accomplished by way of Legislation. As usual, the two first weeks have been consumed in laying the foundation for work. I am told the business before the present Legislature exceeds in amount more than usual by far—and

"Every day brings something new."

Just now, Petitions, Remonstrances, Memorials, and Orders, seem to be the order of the day. Not satisfied with their legitimate rights, and to let the Legislature pursue a Constitutional course, the philanthropic prayers of abolitionists daily encumber the Speaker's table, and, consequently, the journal of the House. A Select Committee has been appointed to receive and weigh the arguments and pathetic appeals for the poor negroes.

The Federal party are laying upon their oars, and as yet the House has presented a perfect calm, which I reckon is ominous of a federal gale. The federal party undoubtedly never had more talent in the House than now; and no opportunity will slip to combine and concentrate to defeat the policy of the administration. If I may venture to predict, you will hear of no measure projected by the federal party this session. The adopted policy of the federal party will be to tear down what the fathers in Israel may build up; and you will see how far they will succeed. I am happy to say our friends are in grand spirits, determined, and fearless.

There are an unusual number of contested cases, that are now undergoing an examination by the Committee on Elections. Much credit is due to that Committee for their perseverance. There are two cases that have occupied the attention of the Committee for the last week, night and day—one from China—the other from Monmouth. Witnesses have been in attendance from both places to a great number, filling the lobbies, Committee rooms, etc., exhibiting great interest on both sides. I am told the cases are exceedingly complicated and perplexing—involving new principles, heretofore unsettled—which I may hereafter notice.

At this time much interest is being elicited relative to an extra session. As you are already apprised, the Commissioners appointed to revise the "Public Laws" have made a report to this Legislature, having accomplished the difficult and laborious task assigned them. The report of the Commissioners was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary, who have reported in favor of an extra session; which report is now on the table in the House. The subject is of great moment, and should not be acted upon without deliberation. I am satisfied that unless there is an extra session, and the Legislature acts upon the "Revised Laws," the session will be prolonged to an unusual length. The people ought to know and understand about this business. The object of the revision of the Laws is plain and palpable, and now to defeat that very object by an hasty adoption, without examination of the Laws, would certainly be crude and inadvisable. The expense and litigation the people have known, from want of precision and clearness in our laws should have some merit in this matter.

In great haste,

Sir, I am &c., G.

OUR MOTHER STATE!

The Boston Patriot, well known as the leading organ of Massachusetts federalism, (says the Augusta Age,) shows the cloven foot of its British affinities, in its cold, dry, and insulting notice of that part of Gov. FAIRFIELD'S Message which relates to the N. E. Boundary. Not the faintest censure for the invasion of our soil, not the slightest sympathy for Maine is to be found in it. But when it comes to that paragraph, in which the Governor says, that if no answer to the counter project of our Government shall be received during the present winter, it must be taken as evidence of the return of Great Britain to its "old procrastinating policy," and be made the basis of decisive action on our part, it merely pronounces it "not very courteous."

What amount of trucking may come up to the Boston standard of "courtesy," to the "bulwark of our religion," we do not know. Probably Gov. Kent and his "courteous" notification to Sir John Harvey of his intention to execute a law of the State, within the limits of the State, suited that atmosphere better than the Republican firmness of Governor FAIRFIELD.

We find, says the Boston Post, the following in the Richmond Enquirer, and fully concur with the writer of the letter in the sentiments he expresses:

Seasonable Warning to the House of Representatives at Washington, from a citizen in the country to a Member of the General Assembly.

"I regard with absolute horror the rapid spread of that bullying spirit amongst the members, which gives to the Hall of Congress more the appearance of a Gladiator Arena, than a deliberative assembly of grave statesmen. The interests of the nation are totally forgotten. The requirements of decency, courtesy, and dignity are all laid aside. A furious partizan spirit, blinding the dictates of judgment and sober sense, has controlled the action of both parties. In all seriousness, there is almost as much danger in asserting personal and political rights on the floor of Congress, as there is in a Seminole campaign. If things go on, there will scarcely be more danger of being scalped by an Indian tomahawk than shot down by some furious partizan. In the Polish Diet, the issue was often settled in the midst of their deliberations, by an appeal to Arms. Our Representatives manifest by far too great a disposition to overawe and direct the proceedings by menace. I cannot restrain my indignation and disgust, whenever I read the Reports."

A meeting has been called at Wheeling, Virginia, for the purpose of expressing the opinion of the people of that place, on the conduct of the members of the House of Representatives, in respect to the organizational difficulties.

For the Oxford Democrat.

"Liberty, whom all in public or in private worship. No tint of words can spot the snowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron; with thee to smile upon him as he casts his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled."

These are the words of Sterne, in his work called the "Captivity" of the Sentimental Journey. How true it is that Liberty is worshipped by all, in public or in private worship. It is to Liberty that we cling as to earth. Its name sheds into every man's heart a glow of fire that burns and quenches not, until life is extinct. It was for liberty that our fathers fought in the struggle between Great Britain and the United States. It was the love of Liberty that nerve and steels their hearts in war, and the possession of it that made their hearts cry for joy. Now that we have succeeded these patriots, it belongs to us to maintain those principles which they cherished and fostered, as with an Argus eye; and that we see them rightly diffused among the people, and not misrepresented. It belongs to us to keep Liberty ever in the ascendancy; to never suffer it to be encroached upon by our rulers; to maintain, to the last breath of life, the principles which have been instilled into our bosoms by our patriotic ancestors. And in making choice of these rulers, care should be taken that the chosen will carry out these principles, and give equal protection to all. It should also be our duty to watch them and see that they do not think more of their own interests, than of the interests of those they represent; and to weigh well their principles in the balance of Public Opinion, ere we give them power, or confide in them our trusts. They should be well known to the people before they are presented to them for their support. They should know them from their public acts—and know the truth! For it is an easy matter to represent a man as a fit person to have the public confidence reposed in, and yet be one of the greatest enemies to his country's welfare which has existed since the days of Benedict Arnold. It therefore stands the people in hand to know their servants before they confide to them their welfare.

A candidate should have three things always in view, viz: HONESTY—TRUTH TO HIS CHARACTER—LOVE OF COUNTRY. Possessed of these qualities, a candidate is worthy of the trusts of the people,—he is one in whom are reflected the principles of our forefathers,—one in whom they may confide their future welfare, and not feel afraid of his proving a traitor to their interests,—one to whom they can look for the support of their dearest and most sacred rights, without fear or distrust.

Is there a man in the United States that looks to the welfare of his country,—one that has obeyed the public voice at every call,—one that has served his country with a spirit of disinterestedness and determination to carry out the doctrines prescribed by the Constitution for the benefit of the whole people,—one that will show no partialities in administering the government of the people,—one that will permit no other motives to influence him than those which spring from a true love of country,—one whom the people will delight to honor with their free, unthought suffrages,—one to whom the poor, as well as the rich, can look for, and receive, attention,—one who will remain true to the interests of his country,—one who is just the man to preside over a free, unthought people—an enlightened and civilized community,—one of the people's choice. That man is MARTIN VAN BUREN.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE.

We copy the following paragraphs from the Boston Post, and commend them to the particular attention of the Gazette and others, who have been heretofore very anxious for Mr. Smith's influence and reputation:—

"Mr. Smith's speech was in reply to an attack made on him yesterday, by Mr. John M. Botts, of Virginia, one of the 'big guns of the whigs.' Mr. Botts was but a pop gun in the hands of Mr. Smith—and still Mr. Botts is by no means an ass."

By the way, it appears to me that Mr. Albert Smith, of Maine, is one of the ablest men from New England. He is an able debater, a sound reasoner, and has a most capital voice. He is first rate in a skirmish, and I think would acquit himself nobly in regularly pitched battle. Thus far he has successfully wrestled with the strongest men and ablest debaters in the House.—*Argus.*

A leveller preceering two crows flying side by side exclaimed, 'Ay, that is just as it should be, I hate to see one crow over another!'

DELAY IN CONGRESS.

The Gazette insinuates that the delay in action upon the N. J. case is occasioned by the Democrats in Congress. It is sufficient reply to this to say that Mr. Botts, in his speech, last Thursday, actually taunted the Democracy of the House with their silence upon this subject.—He said that, while the opposition had urged constantly and strongly for the federal claimants, the administration members had scarcely attempted to reply; and intimated that they were unable to defend their position. Seeing their silence thus misconstrued, and tired of hearing opposition misstatements uncontradicted, two or three democrats were felt bound to address the House upon the great question before it, and have addressed it, too, with such effect as to show the Federalists that they can be outargued as easily as they can be outvoted. But the time of the House, during the session, the Gazette knows very well, has been, at least two thirds of it, occupied by opposition speakers, and it is grossly false, therefore, to charge the blame of delay upon the Democratic members.—*Eastern Argus.*

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Report of the Committee declaring Motion elected Gov. of Massachusetts, has been accepted in the Senate of that State, by a vote of 32 yeas to 7 nays. The Post says, the Report would probably be acted on in the House and accepted yesterday, and the Gov. elect be notified to-day.

Legislature of Maine.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

TUESDAY, JAN. 14.

Mr. McMahon of Eddington called up the Report upon the Report of the Commissioners appointed to revise the Statutes, and moved a division of the question, so that the proposition to print and the proposition for an adjourned session could be entertained separately. The motion prevailed.

Mr. M. then moved to accept the proposition to print, in concurrence. The motion prevailed. Mr. Otis of Hallowell moved to lay the proposition relative to an adjourned session upon the table.

The Chair said that the motion was out of order; the Report was the property of both Houses and therefore one portion of it could not, by a vote of the House, be laid upon the table, and the other receive final action.

Mr. Otis then moved to nonconcur the Senate in accepting that part of the Report which embraces the proposition for an adjourned session. Mr. Fessenden of Portland then moved an amendment to that part of the report which directed an adjourned session and a committee to sit in the recess. The amendment proposed to strike out this part and substitute what preserved the substance of the proposition, but rendered it susceptible of division, so that the question of an adjourned session and of a committee to sit in the recess, could be entertained separately.

The motion to strike out was carried without division. Mr. Allen of Bangor then moved a division of the question on inserting.

The motion prevailed. Mr. Otis said he had no objection to the appointment of a Committee, if such proceeding would not imply an extra session.

Mr. Chaboussard said he apprehended that the question first in order, was, whether an extra session should be held.

The Chair said that that was the question. Mr. Chaboussard then remarked, that should the House accept the amendment requiring an extra session, the Rules would not, according to his view, prevent the House from reversing its decision if it chose to do so.

The Chair said that the Rules only prohibited renewed action on what had received the force of law, as bills and resolves.

Mr. Otis moved the yeas and nays—they were ordered.

Mr. Carey moved to fill the blank in the amendment, by inserting the third Monday of September for the meeting of the adjourned session. He believed that a knowledge of the time to which the Legislature should adjourn, would have a bearing on the question of adjournment. Mr. C. said he was in favor of an extra session; he wished to consult his constituents upon the matter—he was anxious to reflect the will of his constituents in his votes, as he belonged to that school of politics which taught that the will of the people and not that of public officers, should be law.—The time which the assignment he proposed of the people, would afford them full opportunity for inquiry, and this object he was anxious to attain.

Mr. Tobin of Hartford, said that in his view of the case the duties of the Legislature were not so great as some gentlemen seemed to suppose.—The duties of the Commissioners had been, not to recommend new laws, but, from the mass of existing statutes, to collect the spirit and embody it in simple and briefer language, so as to make it more comprehensible. The duty of the Legislature then was to see if this work had been done well, and if so, to pass upon it accordingly. If this Legislature wished to add anything to existing laws, that was another thing, which did not necessarily follow. But in view of the fact that legislation was unnecessary, neither did he think that any effort to simply existing laws, would wholly prevent the lawyers from quibbling upon their meaning, but that they would, legislate ever so wisely, make the statutes, like the fiddle, play any tune.

The motion of Mr. Carey was lost, yeas 17, nays 108.

Mr. Desiderius then introduced an order directing the printing of 300 copies of the report of the Commissioners on the Revised Laws.

The Chair ruled that this motion to pass the order, was out of order, the Legislature having acted upon the subject matter by directing the printing of the report of the Commissioners in the accepted part of the Joint Select Committee's report.

Mr. Andrews moved a suspension of the rules so as to enable the gentleman to introduce his order.

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The Chair decided that the order being out of order, no motion in relation to it could be entertained.

On motion of Mr. McMahon, the House then adjourned.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 16, 1840.

Mr. Bennett of Parsonsfield introduced an order, which was passed, directing the Joint Select Committee appointed to contract with a person to do the printing for the Legislature, to procure the printing, forthwith, of 300 copies of the report of the Commissioners appointed to revise the Statutes.

Mr. Allen of Bangor presented communications from J. W. Hathaway, transmitting the evidence of Daniel J. Perley, Daniel Brown and Samuel Sylvester, Petitioners under the Resolve of March 13, 1839, which were referred to the committee on State Lands.

Bill additional establishing the County of Aroostook was passed to be engrossed.

Mr. Andrews from the committee on Elections made a report that Wm. Delescler, from the District of Baileyville, Crawford &c., is entitled to a seat in the House. The Report was accepted.

Mr. Andrews introduced an order directing the Committee on Pay Roll to make up the pay of Thomas Nason of Crawford, for mileage and attendance, up to and including this day.

Mr. Lawrence of Jay introduced an order, which was passed, directing the committee on the Judiciary to inquire into the expediency of amending or repealing an act limiting the power of County Commissioners, approved February 8, 1839.

Mr. Lake of Bucksport introduced an order, which was passed, directing the committee on the Judiciary to inquire into the expediency of providing by law that mensurers of wood and bark shall be chosen by ballot.

Resolve authorizing the County Commissioners of Aroostook County to hire money for said County was passed to be engrossed.

Mr. Neal of Wiscasset, from the committee on Military Pensions, introduced a Resolve in favor of Alexander Thompson, which was once read and to-morrow assigned. Adj.

THURSDAY, Jan. 16.

A communication was received from the Secretary of State transmitting information of the amount of aid heretofore rendered by the State to Literary Institutions and common Schools agreeably to an order of the House.

On motion of Mr. Otis, 1000 copies were ordered to be printed for the use of the Legislature. Mr. Andrews from the committee on Elections made a report favorable to the claim of Sidney Keith to a seat as Representative from the town of Winslow.

On motion of Mr. Deane of Gardner, the committee on Pay Roll were directed to make up the pay for travel and attendance of Tusten Simpson, up to and including this day.

On motion of Mr. J. J. Perry the committee on Agriculture was directed to inquire into the expediency of resuming the Geological Survey of the State.

Mr. Foster of Freedom introduced an order appointing a joint select committee of seven of the House and such as the Senate may join, to inquire into the expediency of abolishing capital punishment.

On motion of Mr. Buxton of North Yarmouth the committee on the Militia was directed to inquire into the expediency of providing by law for the establishment of the price of powder provided in cartridges for the militia.

FRIDAY, Jan. 17.

The order introduced yesterday by Mr. Foster of Freedom, directing the appointment of a Joint Select Committee, to inquire into the expediency of abolishing capital punishment, was passed, and Messrs. Foster, Stickney of Vassalborough, Higgins of Porter, Morse of Bath, Lake of Bucksport, Lord of South Berwick, and Trowbridge of Portland, were appointed on the part of the House.

Mr. Andrews from the Committee on Elections reported favorably to the claim of Augustine Blake, to a seat as Representative from Monmouth, accompanied by a resolve, declaring him elected. The report was accepted and the resolve passed.

On motion of Mr. E. Otis, the committee on Pay Roll, were directed to make up the pay for travel and attendance of Jedediah B. Prescott, of Monmouth, up to, and including, this day.

On motion of Mr. Chadbourn, the committee on the Militia was directed to inquire into the expediency of providing by law, that no non-commissioned officer or private shall be obliged to travel more than ten miles to attend any regimental review.

On motion of Mr. Lake of Bucksport, the committee on the Judiciary was directed to inquire into the expediency of repealing all laws requiring licenses for, or prohibiting the sale of any article of traffic in this State.

On motion of Mr. Hill of New Portland, the committee on the Judiciary was directed to inquire into the expediency of making attorneys at law liable to Sheriffs and their Deputies for the service of writs in all cases, where they shall endorse the same.

CONGRESS.

SATURDAY, Jan. 11th.

The Senate did not sit. In the House, Mr. Botts of Va. smarting under the lash of Mr. Smith, of Maine and feeling keenly the caustic speech made by that gentleman, the day before, made himself ridiculous by asking an explanation of some part of that speech. He wanted to know if the gentleman from Me. when he said that the imputation on the motives which governed the Administration party was a base slander, and that history would give the lie to the charge that Andrew Jackson was a tyrant, meant to impute to him personally the utterance of wilful falsehood. Now, as nobody ever supposed that any such imputation was intended, this flourish was a mere piece of bravado, on the part of Mr. Botts, and

only proved that Mr. Smith's remarks had had their proper effect.

Mr. Smith replied very happily. He said that with his belief in the exalted character and great services of General Jackson, he could not allow him to be assailed without repelling the attack. Undoubtedly, however, different opinions respecting his character, might be entertained and when he said that history would give the lie to the charges against him, he only meant that the impressions of those who made such charges erroneous. He had to much respect for himself and his constituents to impute to any gentleman here the utterance of wilful falsehood. He repeated that he only meant to charge the error of opinion, and that history would pronounce such statements as he referred to, erroneous in fact.

The Speaker said he had so understood Mr. Smith originally. He had not understood him to mean any personal insult to any body; otherwise he could have called him to order. And thus the matter ended.

Mr. Clifford then took the floor, and concluded his remarks upon the N. J. case.

A 3 o'clock he finished his speech, and Mr. Cooper of Pa. obtained the floor, and spoke, for a short time, in favor of the Pennington claimants, when he yielded to a successful motion to adjourn.—*Eastern Argus.*

Office of the Republican Standard, Bridgeport, Tuesday Eve, Jan. 14, 1840.

APPALLING CALAMITY. STEAMBOAT LEXINGTON DESTROYED BY FIRE, AND NEARLY TWO HUNDRED LIVES LOST!!

The Lexington left New York for Stonington on Monday, 3 o'clock, P. M., having, it is believed, about ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY PASSENGERS. A large quantity of cotton was placed on her deck. At 7 o'clock, when about two miles from Eaton's Neck, the cotton took fire near the smoke pipe.

The boat was headed for the shore as soon as the effort to extinguish the fire proved unsuccessful. She was provided with three boats—yet such was the panic which took possession of all minds, that they were hoisted out while the boat was still under headway and immediately swamped. The engine a few minutes after gave way, leaving her utterly unmanageable. The scene which then ensued, is described as appalling.

Captain Chester Hilliard, of Norwich, a passenger on board from whom we have gathered these few particulars, states that soon after the engine stopped, the passengers began to leave the boat on boxes, bales, &c. In company with one of the Bremen he was so fortunate as to secure a cotton bale, to which he lashed himself. He remained upon this bale, the wind blowing off Long Island shore, until 11 o'clock this morning, when he was taken up by the sloop Merchant, of Southport.

His companion in the meantime had been released by death from his sufferings. Two others were taken up by the sloop, a Fireman and the Pilot of the boat. Both were nearly insensible. It is surprising that any should have survived the exposure. There is too much reason to fear that the three are the only survivors. It is however possible, that others may have been saved.

The Boat drifted up the sound with the tide, and was off this harbor about midnight. Capt. H. states that she sunk at three o'clock, as he marked the time by his watch. The efforts which last night were made, in this vicinity and at Southport, to go in aid of the sufferers, proved, owing to the ice in the harbors, and other untoward circumstances, entirely unavailing.

We learn that a Boat which succeeded in getting out of Southport harbor, after reaching the middle of the Sound, was compelled to return.

The account which we have given of this awful catastrophe, is exceedingly imperfect. It may be well imagined that our informant is hardly in a situation to furnish many details.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

The editors of the Journal of Commerce have been favored with the following letter from Capt. Brooks, of the Steamer Nimrod, dated

STAMER NIMROD, }
Jan. 15, 1840. }
I have seen Capt. Chester Hilliard, one of the survivors of the destruction of the steamer Lexington on Monday night last by fire, and from him gather the following particulars:

The boat left New York at 3 o'clock—he thinks with about 150 passengers and full freight. About half past 7 in the evening, heard the cry of fire, he ran on deck, and saw the fire bursting through the wood works round the chimney. All was confusion and terror in a moment. He ran up to the wheel to advise running for the shore, which Capt. Childs informed him they were doing, he being at the wheel. He then ran down on the deck.

An attempt had been made to rig the fire engine on board but did not succeed. They rushed for the boats, and jumped in, to the number he thinks of 20 in each, and lowered them down, while the boat was under full headway, and they were filled immediately, and he is of opinion that not one of them escaped.

The Life Boat was thrown over, but caught the water wheel, and was lost. He saw several floating with life preservers, but Capt. H. thinks none survived until morning. He advised to tumbling over the cotton bales, and assisted, he thinks, in getting over 10 or 12, and lashed himself to one.

When the steamboat stopped, which she did from some cause to him unknown, a man by the name of Cox, employed on board, got on with him about 8 o'clock, and the braces under the guards were full of persons, having gained that position as the last resort.

He remained on the bale of cotton, and was taken off by Capt. Meeker, of sloop Merchant, of Southport. They discovered the fire soon after it broke out, and attempted to get out of the harbor, but it being shallow, and the tide falling,

they caught aground, and did not get out until morning tide. Cox died about 8 o'clock, on the bale with him.

Capt. Manchester, the pilot, and Charles Smith, boat hand, and Capt. Hillard, are supposed to be all that are saved. Two bodies were found, one supposed to be the steward, and Cox as mentioned above, and were taken to Southport. Capt. Hillard is now on board, from Bridgeport to N. York. Your ob't. servant,
JOHN BROOKS.

THE DIFFERENCE. Martin Van Buren is committed upon every great question now before the country. His opinions are known and understood, and in voting for him, the people know what measures they support.

Gen. Harrison, on the contrary, is hardly committed on any doctrine, but the doctrine of 'One Presidential Term.' He was nominated at Harrisburg, because, among other things, his views and sentiments were not so generally known, and therefore, not so generally obnoxious, as those of some of his rivals for the nomination. That he is an ultra Federalist there is no doubt, for he is the Candidate of the ultra Federalists; but it is equally true that he has skulked, of late years, from any manly avowal of his political opinions.

Eastern Argus.

Extract of a letter, dated

St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 28th.—Steamboat Belle, of Missouri, took fire about seventy miles below this place, with one hundred and thirty kegs of powder on board, and was blown into a thousand atoms. No lives lost. The Books and papers, and nearly all the baggage of the passengers, were destroyed.

MARRIED.

In Fryburg, Dec. 29, by Rev. T. J. Tenney, Mr. Ira Ames of Chatham, N. H., to Miss Phebe Day of Fryburg.

DIED.

In Bath, Mr. Joshua Brown 81.
In East Thomaston, Mr. Wm. P. Eaton of Conway, N. H. 20.

J. T. CLARK, SADDLE, HARNESS, AND TRUNK MAKER,

HAS taken the stand formerly occupied by N. M. MARRIS, where will be found a good assortment of Harness work, which he will sell cheap for Cash or Country Produce.
500 bushels of OATS wanted in exchange for the above, for which the highest price will be paid.
Paris, Dec. 10, 1839. 1f 17

ANDREW THOMPSON, TAILOR.

RESPECTFULLY informs the inhabitants of Paris and vicinity that he has taken a Shop near Messrs. Crocker & Shaw's Store, on Paris-Hill, where all business in his line will be promptly and faithfully attended to. He respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. Cutting done at short notice.
Paris, August, 15 1839. 1f

Commissioner's Notice.

WE the undersigned, having been appointed by the Judge of Probate within and for the County of Oxford, Commissioners on the estate of JERATH AMIELL HAWES, late of Mexico, in said county, deceased, whose estate is represented insolvent, hereby give notice that six months from the seventh day of January instant, are allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and that we will attend to that service at the State of Isaac N. Stanley, in Dixfield Village on the first Saturday in March, the first Saturday in May, and the second Saturday in July from ten o'clock A. M. to five o'clock P. M. on each of said days.
ISAAC N. STANLEY, } Cm's
HUMPHREY M. EATON, }
Dixfield Jan. 8th 1840. 22

Executor's Sale.

PURSUANT to license from the Judge of Probate for the county of Oxford will be sold at public Auction, on Saturday, the 15th day of February, at one of the clock in the afternoon, on the premises, all the real estate of JOSEPH SMITH, late of Lebanon, deceased, that has not been previously sold.
PEREZ T. RECKARD, Executor.
Paris, Jan. 7th, 1840. 3w22

FREEDOM.

THIS may certify to all who it may concern, that I this day give my son, JAMES WILBUR, his time to trade for himself, and I shall claim none of his wages, nor shall I pay any of the debts of his contracting, after this date.
BENJ. WILBUR.
Attest: JAMES ENGELBOM,
DAVID LUNNEY.
Poland, Jan. 4, 1840.

NOTICE.

PUBLIC notice is hereby given that the Post Office at South Paris will be open all business days from 7 till 12 o'clock A. M., and from 1 till 7 o'clock P. M., until further arrangement.
DAVID JORDAN, P. M.
By OTIS H. PAINE, Asst. P. M.
South Paris, Sept. 9, 1839. 1f 4

WINTER GOODS.

BROADCLOTHS, Cassimeres, Minceuses, &c. &c. can now be had of the subscriber (for ready pay only) very cheap. Call and see.
W. E. GOODNOW.
Notway, Nov. 18, 1839. 1f

BUFFALO ROBES.

A prime lot just received and for sale by the subscriber, also, Fur Collars, Neck Ties, Muffs, Winter Fur Gloves, &c. &c.
W. E. GOODNOW.
Notway-Village, Nov. 18, 1839. 1f

Almanacs for 1840.

JUST received and for sale by the dozen or single lot at the Oxford Bookstore, by
W. E. GOODNOW. 1f

WILLIAM HASKELL, Jr.,

late of Canton, in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to
JOHN HEARSHY,
Canton, Jan. 20, 1840. 3w22

BLANKS

For sale at this Office.

PROSPECTUS OF Roberts' World of Romance.

The cheapest work ever published in this country. The publisher will issue weekly from the press of the Boston Daily Times and Boston Nation, a publication of the above title, in eight imperial folio pages, each page being half the size of the page of the Boston Nation. Each sheet will contain one of all the most popular English Novels and Romances of the day; with such desirable ancient works as are not to be obtained at the bookellers. Arrangement have been made in London to secure the EARLIEST reception of new books; this publication will be the first in this manner to be forwarded, renders it an object for bookellers and others to get their orders early, as the edition will be limited at first to FIVE THOUSAND copies, and many persons will desire to secure and bind the year's volume, which will be equal to FIFTY TWO octavo volumes, for FOUR DOLLARS. Thus copies of valuable works may be obtained for a trifle more than is paid to circulating libraries merely for one periodical. The sheet will be printed in handsome style, with a large and running head to each page, wide margin and good registry, thus rendering it fit to preserve for binding at the expiration of each year.

Terms—Four dollars per annum—two dollars and a half for six months. Three copies for ten dollars, Five copies for \$16. Ten copies for \$29 per annum. No discount will be made for less than 3 copies. Subscribers in the city can have the work left at their residences or stores, every Thursday forenoon. Postmasters and bookellers throughout the country, are authorized to act as agents on the terms specified. Copies will be sent singly at the counting room No. 28, State street, for ten cents each; and will be furnished to order for Eight dollars per hundred, payable in advance. All the carriers of the Times and Nation can be supplied with any number of copies they may want, on the above terms.

Not a copy will be sent from the office before the money is received for it, as the publisher is determined its circulation shall be entirely upon the cash principle. The 1st No. will be published on Thursday morning, Nov. 28, and the publication will be continued every Thursday thereafter. The regular subscribers will be supplied during the term of their subscription, with any missing number which it may be possible to procure.
GEORGE ROBERTS, Publisher and Proprietor.

N. B. The 1st No. will contain the first Volume of the YOUTH OF SHAKESPEARE, not yet printed in this country. It is a work written in the old style of the days of Queen Elizabeth, and is of most surpassing merit.

THE CASKET And Philadelphia Monthly Magazine.

PROSPECTUS OF A NEW VOLUME.

THE unparalleled success which has attended THE CASKET, has all come into the hands of the new proprietor, induces them to issue a new volume with

Still Further Attractions

ON THE FIRST OF JANUARY NEXT.

ITS LITERARY CHARACTER, Which has called forth so many comments, will undergo no change, as the Magazine will still continue under the control of the same editors. Several

NEW CONTRIBUTORS, OF HIGH TALENT, however, have been engaged, beside those who have already been enlisted in its favor.

The Magazine will be Enlarged, and will contain a Greater quantity of reading matter than any other Magazine published at the same price in this Country. The work will appear in

A New and beautiful Type,

Cast expressly for the purpose, and will be PRINTED ON THE FINEST PAPER.

It will also be ornamented with

Fine Steel Engravings

provided at a heavy expense, and executed from the choicest designs. To vary the style of these illustrations, the services of distinguished artists have been engaged to furnish at intervals

MEZZOTINTS FOR THE ENSUING VOLUME.

The Heads of several

Distinguished American Writers

will appear in the course of the year. The publishers, determined to leave nothing undone to merit the patronage of a liberal public, have resolved, after much solicitation from many of their friends, to publish quarterly, as an extra,

Correct Plates of the Latest Fashions,

Highly Colored.

and executed in the best style of the art. This department will be under the control of a French gentleman, of much taste and experience; and will be bound to excel ANYTHING EVER ATTEMPTED IN THIS LINE IN AMERICA. The extra in the present (November) number, may be considered a fair specimen of what fashion plates will be. The music department, hereafter, will be under the charge of Messrs. G. W. LEWIS & CO., and the fine pieces of COPY-RIGHT MUSIC which they have hitherto furnished are a sufficient guarantee for the future.

The flattering terms in which the Casket has been noticed by the journals in every section of the Union, establish beyond a doubt its claims to support generally. It will surpass any other work in the return it gives for the reader's money.

Terms—\$3 per annum invariably in Advance,

or Two Copies for five Dollars.

All communications to be addressed, post paid, to GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO. Philad.

P. S. Editors publishing this Prospectus, will be entitled to a copy of the Casket during the volume. No exchange is solicited, unless when noticing the reception of the Magazine.

BOSTON NOTION.

The Largest and cheapest Newspaper in the WORLD.

The spirit of the age is utilitarian. Improvement is stamped upon the face of every thing. All the useful arts are progressing with unparalleled rapidity, and the ART OF PRINTING is coming in for its full share of the improvement. Determined not to be out of the race in anything that pertains to his profession, where there is a fair chance for exertion and enterprise, the undersigned has determined upon issuing a sheet TWICE the size of the Boston Weekly Times, (and to take the place of that paper) and will contain eight columns more matter than Brother Jonathan. This sheet will be called the BOSTON NOTION; and it is determined that it shall fully sustain an engagement of full meaning, and so interwoven with the established character of our Yankee city. It will be the largest Newspaper in the world,—with one exception—and will be printed on a sheet thirty-seven by fifty-two inches. It will be entirely filled with reading matter, and will contain three thousand and eight hundred and eighty-eight square inches, or twenty-seven square feet of print in five times the space of a single column of the world. These great dimensions will enable the publisher to draw largely upon the most popular periodicals and magazines of the day, both American and Foreign; and as the selections will be made with great care, it is believed this paper will be a welcome addition to every family. The current news of the day (as published in the Boston Daily Times) will contain Poetry, Popular Tales, Theatrical Criticisms, Police and other court Reports, Humorous articles, &c. The whole world's literature will be resuscitated to fill it. From the study of the philosophy, down to the Police court, through all the regions of reason, poetry, romance, wit, and the ample record of folly, we shall glean from the past and the present, and from all nations, to present as pleasing and useful a combination of rectified thought and correct language, as the world can supply or industry produce. This is our "BOSTON NOTION."

This great amount of wisdom and fun-of wit and philosophy—of novelties and antiquities—are enabled to offer weekly, for six cents per copy—only six cents—and we can do it, because of the facilities of our press and office, and the connection of daily and weekly publications. For three dollars we can sell a year's volume, equal in quantity of matter, with every variety of the fifty-five volumes of old books such as are issued from the press at this day. Fifty-two large volumes for three dollars! Effected all by improved machinery, and by a determination that we will not be outdone in enterprise and achievement.

Terms—THREE DOLLARS a year always in advance—no orders, no matter from what source, will be attended to unless accompanied with the CASH. Single copies SIX CENTS EACH.

Post Masters or others remitting twenty dollars a year have eight copies sent to such persons and places as they may designate.

Mail subscribers will have their papers deposited in the Post Office in this city every Saturday evening.

GEO. ROBERTS, Publisher.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the seventh day of January in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty—

ON the petition of HADASSAH STONE administratrix of the estate of Luther Stone, late of Paris in said County deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death by the sum of three hundred and thirty eight dollars, and seventy nine cents and praying for a license to sell and convey the whole of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges:

Ordered, That the petitioner give notice thereof to the heirs of said deceased and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said county, on the 7th day of March next at ten o'clock A. M. and shew cause if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge of said Court.
Copy Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

At a Court of Probate holden at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the seventh day of January in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty—

ON the petition of ALEXANDER H. MUZZY, Administrator of the estate of John B. Ford, late of Norway in said County, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased,

Ordered, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said county, on the third day of March next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.
Copy Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

At a Court of Probate holden at Paris within and for the county of Oxford, on the seventh day of January in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty—

ON the petition of ABIGAIL L. FORD, administratrix of the estate of John B. Ford, late of Norway in said county, deceased, having presented her first account of administration of the estate of said deceased,

Ordered, That the said administratrix give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the third day of March next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.
Copy Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the county of Oxford on the seventh day of January the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty—

ON the petition of ALEXANDER H. MUZZY, Administrator of the estate of William H. Muzzy, late of Oxford in said county, deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death, by the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars, and thirty nine cents praying for a license to sell and convey the whole of the real estate of said deceased, as may be necessary, for the payment of said debts and incidental charges:

Ordered, That the petitioner give notice thereof to the heirs of said deceased, and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the third day of March next at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.
Copy Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

At a Court of Probate holden at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the seventh day of January, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty—

ON the petition of ABIGAIL L. FORD, administratrix of the estate of John B. Ford, late of Norway in said County, deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death, by the sum of sixteen hundred dollars, and praying for license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased, as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges:

Ordered, That the petitioner give notice thereof to the heirs of said deceased, and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, in said county, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the third day of March next, at ten o'clock A. M. and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.
Copy Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the seventh day of January in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty—

ON the petition of ELIAS STOWELL, Executor of the last Will and Testament of Richard Richardson late of Livermore in said county, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased,

Ordered, That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Livermore in said county, on the third day of March next at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.
Copy Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned that she has been duly appointed and taken upon herself the trust of

ful dream, and looking with horror on Girod.—“I would have saved you all, had it been possible,” said Jacqueminot in French. “But how were all to be hid, and kept in this place? What I have done is at the risk of my life. But there is not a moment to be lost. I have the keeping of the stern-hold. Look you—here be two rows of mead-sacks fore and aft. If you, miladi, can hide behind one, and you, colonel, behind the other, ye may have in some sort, two little chambers to yourselves, after English fashion. Or if you prefer the same hiding place, take it, in heaven’s name, but loose not a moment.” “And what will be the end of this?” asked I, after some hurried expressions of gratitude. “God knoweth,” he replied. “I will from time to time, when I descend to give out meal, and clean the place, bring you provisions. How long this can last—where we are going—and whether in the end I can rescue you, time must be the shaver. If we should put into some port of the Levant, perhaps I may be able to pass you on shore in one of these sacks; but we are still on the Gibraltarian side of Malta, and shall not see land for a month—only, for God’s sake, keep quiet. I’d leave you a light, but it would be dangerous. I doubt you’ll be stifled alive. Yet there’s no help for it. Hide, hide—I dare say not one moment longer.” He rolled down a heap of biscuits, placed a pitcher of water beside them and departed.

Never will our first fearful night in that strange concealment be forgotten. The Demon crew held revelry over our head. Their fierce and iniquitous speech, their lawless songs, their awful demoralizing oaths, their wild intoxication, made Margaret, thrill with a horror that half excited a wish to escape in death from the polluting vicinity of such infernal abominations.—The hold was so shallow that we appeared close to the revellers. Their voices sounded so near that we seemed almost among them, and our concealment a miracle; while the heat became so stifling and undurable, that we could scarcely gasp, and I began to fear that Margaret would expire in my arms.

It was a strange reflection that we might, almost without the warning of an instant, be in the hands of our brutal and unconscious jailors; for our concealment afforded not even the slender defence of an inside lock or bolt, and the carpet, which seemed to present a slight barrier between us and the Demon horde, had been rolled up, as no longer necessary to give our late accommodations the peaceful appearance of a cabin fitted up for passengers. The light streamed here and there through a crevice in the trap-door, and I involuntarily trembled when I saw it fall on the white garments of Margaret, as if, even in that concealment, it might betray her. We dared scarcely whisper a word of encouragement or consolation to each other—dared scarcely breathe, or stir even a hand from the comfortless attitude in which we were placed. We could hear them speak occasionally of our murder, in a careless and incidental manner. The captain expressed his regret that we had not, as matters turned out, been earlier disposed of, and made a sort of rough apology to his shipmates for the inconvenience our prolonged existence must have occasioned them.

At length the revelers broke up. I listened attentively until I became convinced that no one occupied the cabin that night. I then ventured gently to push up the trap-door a little, in order to give air to my exhausted companion. But the fumes that entered were any thing but reviving. All was dark and quiet as death, and I could hear the rain descending violently on the cabin sky-light. The wind was high and the ship rolled tremendously.—We heard the roar of the waters against the side of our prison, and the heavy dashing on the deck of huge billows, which even made their way down the cabin stairs.

Towards morning, as I supposed, for with us it was all one long night, I again distinguished voices in the cabin. “It blows a stiff gale,” was the observation of Jack. “So much the better,” replied the hardy and ferocious voice of the captain; “the more we make, the further we get from all those cursed government vessels I think we might now venture to fall on any merchantman that comes in our way. We must soon do something, for we have as yet made but a sorry bargain out of our present voyage. Let’s see—four thousand pounds that belonged to the colonel there—rather to us—seeing we had taken them on board.” Yes, yes, we have sacked the colonel,” observed Jack, facetiously. His companion went on—“His watch, rings and clothes; and two thousand and dollars of the countess’s and her jewels, amounting, perhaps, to another thousand. This might be a fine prize to a sixteen gun brig of some dozing government, but the Demon was built for greater things.” “I suppose, captain,” said Jack, “we go on our usual plan, ha? The specie to be distributed among the ship’s company, and the jewels and personals to be appropriated, in a quiet way, by the officers?” And for once, in a way, I hope there will be no breach of discipline, Captain Vanderleer, in asking where might be deposited that secret casket, containing you and I and one or two more know what. I mean that we took from the Spanish-American brig.” “It is in the stern-hold, beneath our feet at this moment,” answered the captain. “A good one for dividing its contents,” said Jack. “I’ll fetch a light in the twinkling of an eye.” “No need,” replied the captain. “I warrant me I can lay my hand on it in the dark.” Without the warning of another moment, the Demon commander was in our hold. On the removal of the trap-door a faint light streamed in, but it only fell on the part immediately under the ingress, and left the sides in obscurity. I suppose it was about four in the morning. I had laid Margaret down on some torn signal flags, in that division of the hold which Girod had assigned her, and had myself retired behind my own bulkhead of meal sacks, in order that my companion might pos-

sess, for her repose, something like the freedom of a small cabin to herself. I had scarcely time to glide round to the side of Margaret ere the merciless buccaneer descended. We almost inserted ourselves into the wooden walls of our hiding-place, and literally drew down the sacks upon us. The captain felt about the apartment with his hand, sometimes pushing it behind the sacks and sometimes feeling under them. And now he passed his arms through those which aided our concealment. Gracious heavens! his hand discovered the countess’s garments; he grasped them tight; he began to drag her forward; but at this moment his foot struck against the casket for which he was searching. He stooped to seize it, and as his hold on Margaret slackened, I contrived to pass towards his hand a portion of the old flag-cloth, so as to impress him with the belief that it was the original object of his grasp. He dragged it forward, and let it go. But he had disturbed the compact adjustment of the sacks; and as the vessel was now rolling violently in a tempestuous sea, a terrible lurch laid prostrate our treacherous wall of defence, and we stood full exposed without a barrier between ourselves and the ruffian commander of the Demon. To us it now seemed that all was lost and I leaned over Margaret just to offer my own bosom as a slender and last defence.

The Demon captain had gone to the light to pass his casket through the trap-door. The sun was rising and the crimson hues of dawn, meeting no other object in the hold save the depraved and hardened countenance of our keeper, threw on his swarthy complexion such a ruddy glow, as—contrasted with the surrounding darkness—gave him the appearance of some foul demon, emerging from the abodes of the condemned, and bearing on his unhallowed countenance the reflection of the infernal fires he had quitted. That glow was, however, our salvation. The captain turned with an oath to replace the fallen sacks. Any body who has suddenly extinguished his candle, even on a bright, starry night, knows that the sudden transition from a greater to a lesser degree of light, produces, for a second or two, the effect of absolute darkness. And thus our concealment lay enveloped in utter darkness to our captain’s eyes, dazzled by the morning’s first flood of light. But it was difficult for the half-breathless beings, so entirely in his power, to realize this fact, when they saw him advancing towards them; his eye fixed on the spot where they stood, though he saw them not; it was difficult to see, and yet retain a conviction that we were not seen. Yet captain replaced the sacks instantly, and we felt half doubtful, as he pushed them with violence against the beams where we stood, whether he had not actually discovered our persons, and taken this method of at once destroying them by bruises and suffocation. His work was, however, only accompanied by an imprecatory running comment on Girod’s careless manner of stowage. We were now again buried in our concealment, but another danger awaited us. Jacqueminot descended to the cabin. An involuntary, though half-stifled shriek escaped him when he saw the trap-door open. He sprang into the hold, and when he beheld the captain, his ghastly smile of inquiry, for he spoke not, demanded if his doom were sealed. “I have been seeing all your pretty work here Monsieur,” said the gruff captain, pointing to the deranged sacks, behind which we were concealed. I caught a glimpse through them to Girod’s despairing countenance. It was a fearful moment, for it seemed as if we were about to be involuntarily betrayed by our ally, at the very instant when we had escaped our enemy. Girod’s teeth literally chattered, and he murmured something about French gallantry and honor, and the Colonel Franchillon an old acquaintance. “And so because you cut the throats of a couple of soldiers—as your duty was, at your captain’s command—you think he must not see the righting of his own stern-hold?”—said the captain, with a gruff and abortive effort at pleasantry, for he felt Girod’s importance in amusing and keeping in good humour his motley crew. Jacqueminot’s answer showed that he was now *au fait*, and thus we had a fourth rescue from the very jaws of death.

Day after day passed away, and still we were the miserable, half-starved, half-suffocated, thousand prisoners of the Demon gang, holding our lives, as it were, by a thread: hanging with scarce the distance of a pace, between time and eternity, and counting every prolonged moment of our existence as a miracle. Girod at this period rarely dared to visit us. He came only when the business of the ship actually sent him. The cabin above was now occupied at night by the captain and some of his most depraved associates, so that small alleviation of our fears—small relaxation from our comfortless position—small occasion of addressing a few consolatory words to each other, was offered us either by day or by night. At length I began to fear that Margaret would sink under the confined air, and the constant excitement. Her breath became short and difficult. The blood passed through her veins in feverish, yet feeble and intermittent pulsation. It was agony indeed, to feel her convulsed frame, and hear her faintly draws and dying breath, and know that I could not carry her into the reviving breezes of heaven, nor afford a single alleviation of her suffering, without at once snapping the thread of life which was now weaving away by a slow and lingering death. At length her respiration began to partake of the kind and irrepressible character which is so often the precursor of dissolution. She deemed her hour drawing on, yet feebly essayed, for my sake, to stifle those last faint moans of expiring nature, which might betray our concealment. I became sensible that the latter could not much

longer remain a secret, and, with a strange calmness, made up my mind to the coming decisive hour. I supported Margaret’s head, poured a faltering prayer into her dying ear, wiped the death-dews from her face, and essayed to whisper expressions of deep and unutterable affection. Happily for us there was such a tempest of wind and sea, that drowned in its wild warfare the expiring sighs of Margaret. At this moment Girod descended to the hold. He put his finger on his lips significantly, and then whispered in French—“Courage—Rescue!—There is a sail on our weather bow. She is yet in the offing.—Our captain marks her not; but I have watched her some time with the glass, and if she be not a British sloop of war, my eyes and the glass are deceivers together.” I grasped Margaret’s hand. She faintly returned the pressure but gently murmured “Too late.” Ere the lapse of a moment it was evident that our possible deliverer was discovered by the Demon crew, for we could hear by the bustle of feet and voices that the ship was being put about; and the ferocious and determined voice of the buccaneer chief was heard, even above the roar of the tempest giving, prompt and fierce orders to urge on the Demon. Girod promised to bring us more news, and quitted us. The rush of air into the hold seemed to have revived Margaret, and my hopes began to rise. Yet it was too soon evident that the motion of the vessel was increased, and that the crew were straining every nerve to avoid our hoped-for deliverer. After a while, however, the stormy wind abated; the ship became steadier, and certainly made less way in the waves. A voice over our head said distinctly in French—“The sea is gone down, and the sloop makes signal to us to lay to.” A quarter of an hour elapsed and the voice again said, “The sloop chases us!” Oh! what inexpressibly anxious moments were those. I felt that aid must come, and come speedily, or it would arrive too late. We could discover from the varying cries on deck that the sloop sometimes gained on the Demon, while at others the pirate got fearful head of her pursuer. “The die is cast!” he said in his native language. “The sloop gains fast on us. We are about to clear the deck for action.” “God be praised,” I ejaculated. “Amen!” responded a faint and gentle voice. “Do not praise Him too soon,” said Girod, struggling his shoulders; “our captain is preparing for a victory. The Demon has mastered her equals, ay, and her superiors; and this sloop is our inferior in size and numbers. The captain does not even care to come to an accommodation with her. He has hoisted the Demon flag, and restored her name to the stern.” “But has his motley crew,” whispered I anxiously, “ever encountered a British foe of equal strength?”—“I cannot tell—I cannot tell; I have been in her but a short time, and will be out of her on the first occasion,” said Girod, as he hastily quitted us.

We now heard all the noise of preparation for an engagement. The furniture was removed from the cabin above us, and the cabin itself partially thrown open to the deck. Cannons were lashed and primed; concealed port-holes opened, and guns placed at them—Seeing ultimate escape impossible, the captain took in sail, and determined to give his vessel the advantage of waiting the foe in an imposing state of preparation for action. He hurraed his men in terms calculated to arouse their brute courage, and excite their cupidity. I confess I now almost began to tremble for the gallant little vessel, whose crew seemed thus bravely pressing on to their own destruction; I began to fear that they would be powerless to rescue her in whose life my own seemed bound up. But what were my feelings when I heard the captain retire to that part of the vessel which had been the countess’s cabin, and there take a solemn and secret oath of his principal shipmates, that they would, if they were boarded by a successful enemy, scuttle the Demon, and sink her, and her crew, and her captors, in one common grave. It appeared, then, that either the failure or the success of the sloop, would alike seal our destruction.

Not a ray of light now penetrated through the chinks of the trap-door, and from the heavy weights which had fallen over it, I was inclined to think that shot, or even cannon-balls, had been placed over the mouth of our prison. We might, therefore, in vain attempt to show ourselves, or make our voices heard and the din of war, should our allies (doomed to a watery tomb even in the midst of conquest) prove victorious. Yet condemned, as we seemed, alike by the fall or the triumph of our self-supposed murderers, there was something in the oath imposed by the captain which, as it showed a feeling of doubt as to the result, inspired me with hope. Besides, the noise of preparation for action had in it something inspiring to my ears; and as it effectually drowned every other sound, I drew Margaret from behind the sacking in the most roomy part of our wooden dungeon; endeavored by fanning her with her handkerchief, to create a little freshness of air around her; and spoke to her aloud, in the voice of hope and courage. It was a terrible thing, in such an anxious moment, to be unable to see or hear distinctly night on which our fate depended. I listened anxiously for a signal of the sloop’s nearing us. At length a ship-trumpet at a distance, demanded, sale and unhalt, the persons of Colonel Franchillon and the Countess of Fowlesdale, and two female domestics. It was then evident that the pirate’s strange aim at Malta had miscarried. The Demon’s trumpet made brief and audacious reply—“Go seek them at the bottom of the sea!” A broadside from the sloop answered this impudent injunction, and was followed by a compliment to kind from the Demon, evidently discharged from a greater number of guns. The volleys continued,

Our vessel reeled to and fro, and sometimes half rose out of the water with the violence of the shocks she received. I heard her masts cracking, and her timbers flying in every direction. Yet still her men continued their yell of triumph, and her guns seemed to be served with as much spirit as ever. At length the firing on both sides seemed to slacken. One of the vessels was evidently approaching the other for the purpose of boarding. But which was the successful adventurer? My heart almost ceased to beat with intense expectation.—The heavy grinding of the two ships against each other’s sides was soon heard; and not an instant after, the shouts of the sloop’s crew rose triumphantly over our heads. Long and desperately raged the combat above us; but the victorious shouts of the British seamen, mixed with the frequent and fearful cry, “No quarter, no quarter to the robbers!” became each instant louder and more triumphant. At length every sound of opposition from the Demon crew seemed almost to cease. But there was still so much noise on deck, that I in vain essayed to make my voice heard;—and for the trap-door, it defied all my efforts—it was unmovable. “At this crisis, the ship, which had hitherto been springing and reeling with the fierce fire she had received from her adversary, and the motion of her own guns, suddenly began to settle into an awful and suspicious quiescence. But the victors were apparently too busy in the work of retribution to heed this strange and portentous change. I perceived, however, only too clearly that the Demon was about finally to settle for sinking. After the lapse of a few seconds, it seemed that the conquerers themselves became at last aware of the treacherous gulf that was preparing to receive them; and a hundred voices exclaimed, “To the sloop! The ship is going down—the robbers are sinking her!” I now literally called out until my voice became a hoarse scream. I struck violently against the top of our sinking dungeon. I pushed the trap-door with my whole force. All was vain. I heard the sailors rushing eagerly to their own vessel and abandoning that of the pirates, to destruction. I took Margaret’s hand, and held it towards heaven, as if it could better than my own plead there for us. All was silent. Not a sound was heard in the once manned Demon, save the rushing of the waters in to the holes where she had been scuttled by her desperate crew. It almost seemed that—determined not to survive her capture—she were eager to suck in the billows which would sink her to bottom.—At last, as if she had received her fill, she began to go down with a rapidity which seemed to send us, in an instant many feet deeper beneath the waves, and I now expected every moment to hear them gather over the deck, and then overwhelm us forever. I uttered a prayer, and clasped Margaret in my arms. But no voice no sigh, proceeded from the companion of my grave. Her hand was cold, and her pulse quiet; and I deemed that the spirit had departed, and overcome its last enemy, ere our common grave yawned to receive us.

Voices were heard, weight seemed to be removed from the trap-door! It was opened, and the words “Good Heavens! the fellow is right, they are here, sure enough!” met my almost incredulous ear. I beheld a British officer, sailor or two, Girod with his hands tied behind him. I held up my precious burden, who was received into the arms of her companions, and then, like one in a dream, sprang from my long prison. Perhaps it might be well that Margaret’s eye was half closed in death at that moment; for the deck of the sinking Demon offered no spectacle for woman’s eye.—“There lay the mangled bodies of our late jailors, their fast stiffening countenances still retaining in cold death itself, that expression of daring and brute ferocity which seemed effaceable only by the absolute decomposition of their hardened features. I shall never forget the scene of desolation presented by that deck, lying like a vast plank or raft of slaughtered bodies, almost level with the sea, whose waters dashed furiously over it, and then receding from their still ineffectual attempts to overwhelm the vessel, returned, all dyed with crimson, to the ocean; while the sun setting in a stormy and angry sky, threw his rays for the last time—in lurid and awful gleams on the ruined Demon.

A deep, and as it seemed, long-pent sigh escaped from the bosom of Margaret, when the fresh breath of Heaven first played on her white cheek. I would have thanked her brave deliverers—have gazed on her to see if life still returned—but the sea was gaining fast on us, and I had lost the free use of my limbs by lengthened and cramped confinement. To one human being, however, I did not forget my gratitude. As we hurriedly prepared to spring into the boat I saw that Girod’s pinnioned members refused him the prompt aid necessary aid for effecting an escape in such a moment. I returned seized a bloody cutlass that lay on deck, and without leave of the officer, cut at once through the bands which confined our first deliverer. “This man,” I said, as we seated ourselves, “has been the instrument of Heaven for our preservation, I will make myself answerable for his liberty and kind treatment.” Girod seized my hand, which received a Gallist salute. Our sailors now rowed hard to avoid being drawn into the vortex of the sinking ship.—“Mind! God! we were then out of the Demon.” I supported Margaret in my arms; and as I saw her busied heaven, a renewed glow of hope rose in my heart.

We had not been on board the sloop many minutes ere, slowly and awfully the Demon sank to the same eternal grave to which she had so often doomed her victims. We saw the top of the main-mast, which had borne her

fatal flag above the waters, tremble like a point on their very surface, and then vanish beneath them. A frightful chasm yawned for a moment—it was then closed by the meeting waves, which soon rolled peacefully over the vessel they had engulfed; and the Demon, so long the terror of the seas and the scourge of mariners, disappeared forever.

In conclusion—I can only briefly say, that the sloop put into Naples, where the countess was soon placed under a skilful physician, and subsequently became my wife.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT.

PAIN cannot exist but from *Corrupt Particles* being seated in the identical part where the pain is experienced. These corrupt particles when in great volume (quantity) are the *Painful Cause of death*.

It is a solemn truth that, corrupt particles terminate the existence of all created beings; the importance of its speedy removal, from the body, when by any cause it has accumulated, is its reform self evident; not only *Healthy*, but existence, being absolutely endangered by its existence.

Do you then acknowledge that the only sure means of preventing and curing disease, is the speedy removal of *Corrupt Humors* from the body. Disease being only another name for *Corruption*, and *Corruption* or *Corrupt Humors* being identified in all cases as *Impurity of Blood*.

Purifying Medicine when used in a season, that is while there is no inflammation, fully maintaining its effect, will certainly remove corruption; thus the blood is purified; thus chronic disease and premature death are prevented; thus those whose lives are of the utmost consequence to their country, and families, are often saved.

The importance of the discovery of curing diseases after ages will do justice. Dr. Benjamin Brandreth will not then be held an “ignorant pretender.” But that will neither please nor offend him; in the recital of his own cure, in the quiet of his own conscience, is his reward. And he gives this his solemn pledge, that his medicine will be always equal to what it is called; and that no expense shall be spared in its manufacture; and the making of it be attended to personally.

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All Pills having *Dr. B.* Brandreth on the label, and *George Hedges* known on the edge, are counterfeits, and to detect *Dr. B.* and evade the law at the same time.

These, and indeed, all counterfeit Pills, if used according to the directions which accompany my Pills, are calculated to DESTROY LIFE. They are made by men having no standing or respectability, without limitation or name—perfectly careless of consequences, provided money is obtained.

[Extract from Dr. B.’s Address to citizens of the U. S.]

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B. BRANDRETH, M. D.

211 Broadway, N. Y.

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Administrator’s Sale.

Pursuant to Decree obtained from the Court of Probate for the County of Oxford I Shall sell at Public Auction, on the premises, all the real Estate of James Knox, late of this County, deceased, and all his personal property, for the purpose of paying the debts of said deceased, on the third Tuesday of February next, at ten o’clock, A. M. Said real estate consists of the homestead Farm of said deceased, in Peru, in said County—being Lot No. 15, in the 5th Range—subject to the widow’s Right of Dower therein. Terms of sale liberal and made known at the time of sale.

MANNASSEH LAWRENCE, Adm’r.

Peru Jan. 7, 1840.